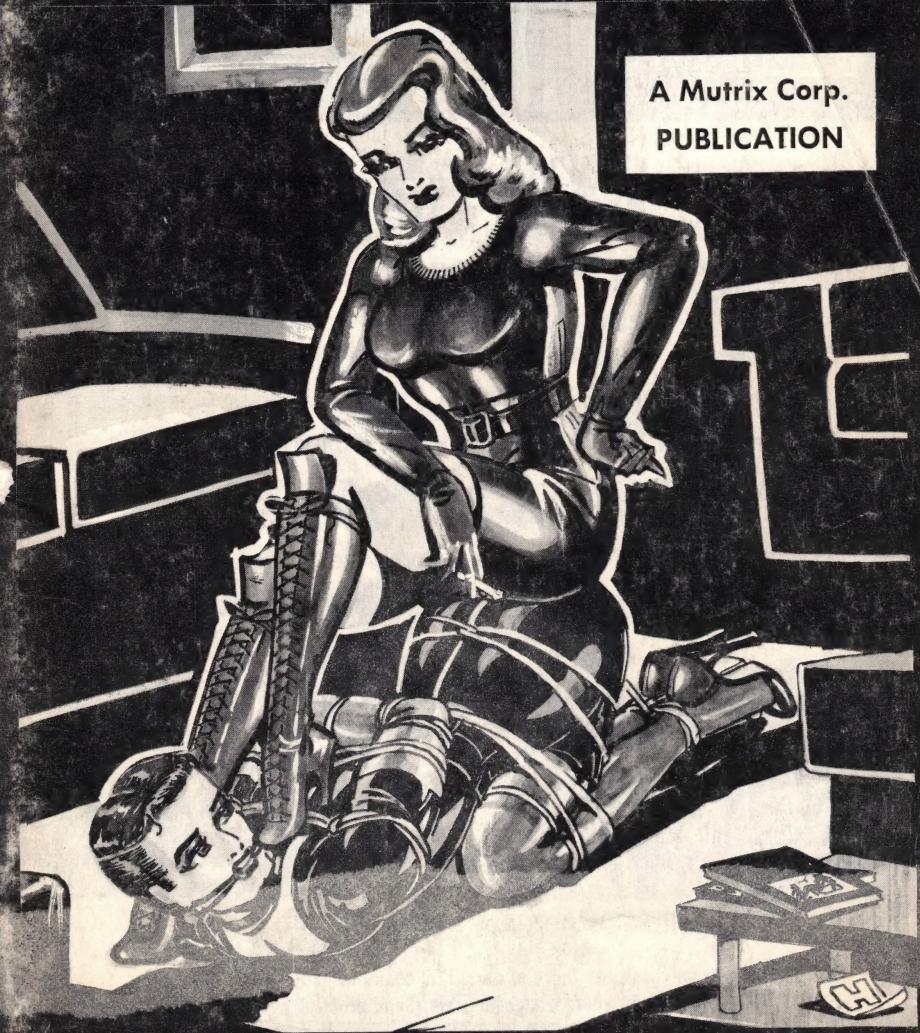


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**ILLUSTRATED WITH 35
BRAND NEW MALE**

DOMINATION DRAWINGS

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Having heard of the excellent work that Portia and Potentia, the executive heads of Tame-Azons, Inc., had obtained in training wives to dominate their bossy and domineering husbands, two sisters, Ava and Dorothy, decided to use the Tame-Azons' services to subjugate the girls' own husbands.

Dorothy's husband, Dave, was very friendly with Ava's husband, Gerald, and these two men drove their wives almost to the verge of a nervous breakdown by their thoughtlessness and domineering attitudes towards Dorothy and Ava.

To avoid having their husbands suspect that they were the sponsors of the plan to dominate and subjugate Dave and Gerald, the girls made up with Portia and Potentia to waylay Gerald first and tame him, as he was the most domineering and careless person, who bullied Ava around as if she was a menial slave who had to wait on him hand and foot.

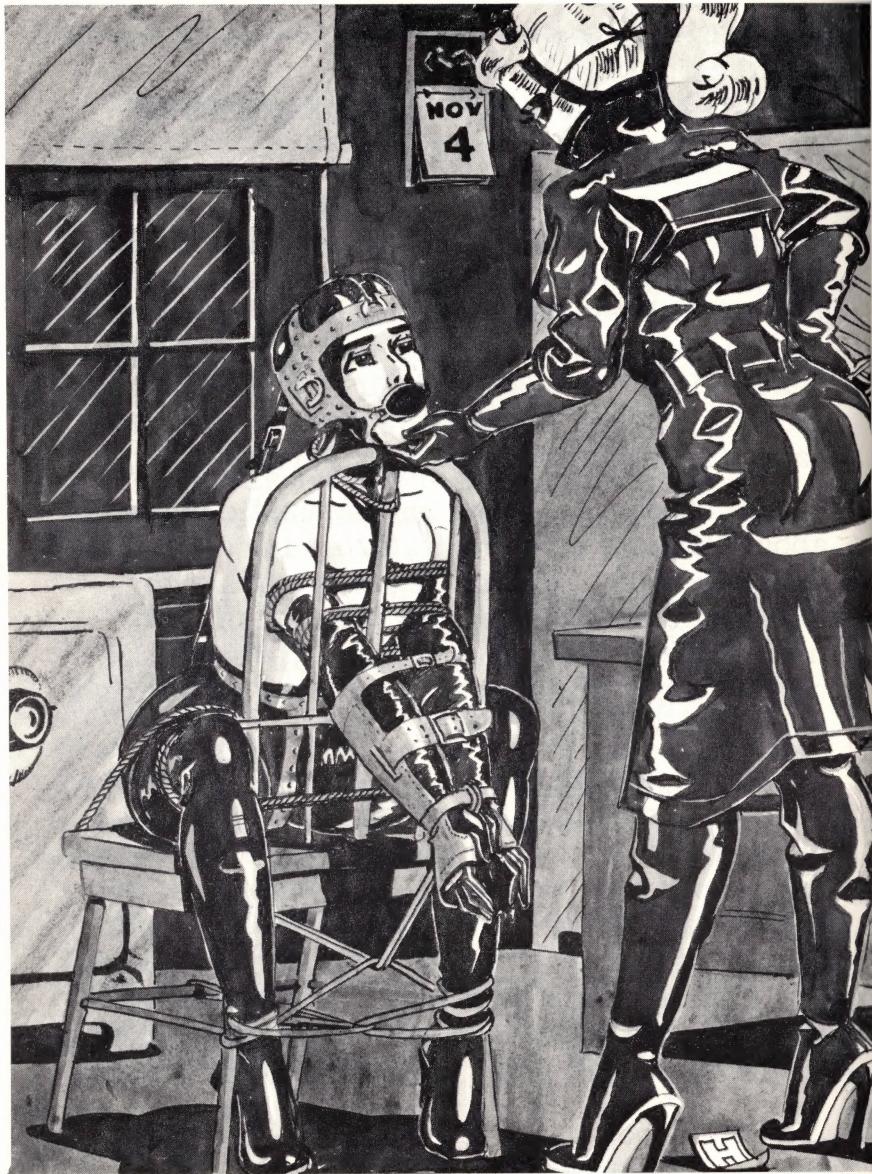
Dave only aped Gerald's bullying tactics and so it was decided that Gerald was to be subjugated first by the Tame-Azons, Inc. On November 4th, a rainy day that Gerald was to remember for a long, long time, blonde-haired

muscular Portia went to Gerald's office on the docks where he worked.

Wearing an eye mask to hide her real identity for the time being, she ordered Gerald to come with her peaceably to discuss some important business. When Gerald saw the masked husky woman, who was attired from head to foot in a black rubber raincoat, rubber gloves and even hip-length rubber boots, he balked and refused to go with Portia.

He made a sneering and sarcastic comment about Portia's costume, which infuriated Portia no end. Portia began to work over the arrogant and obnoxious husband of Ava, much rougher than she ordinarily would have done to a client's husband, because of Gerald's nasty remarks.

Portia lashed out with her sturdy right hand and slapped Gerald hard in the face, which made him see stars. Angered at this mysterious woman who was seeking to overpower and subdue him, Gerald, who weighed 190 pounds and stood 5 feet, 10 inches tall, began wrestling and fighting with Portia. He imagined that he could easily subdue this masked woman, whom he thought had been sent over by a rival



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firm in order to harrass him. Much to his chagrin and dismay, the strong-armed Portia was more than a match for Gerald.

After a short and futile struggle, Gerald found himself bound to an office chair with his trousers torn off as well as his shirt in complete surrender to Portia. He tried to question Portia about why she was man-handling him so roughly, but she disregarded his questions and put a leather harness gag around his head. This served as a gag to cut off all speech on Gerald's part.

Firmly, the grim-faced Portia grasped Gerald's arms and thrust them through the chair backs bars. She bound them tightly with a strong leather bondage sheath. Gerald was forced to don a pair of female styled rubber dungarees, which ended at his bare waistline.

Then Portia placed a rope yoke around his neck and wound more rope around her hapless captive's body. Gerald was now stringently tied up, like a fowl being taken to market for sale. Grasping the crest-fallen male's drooping chin, Portia told him that she hated all men and that she was going to make an



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example of him. All the dismayed captive could do was to bow his head in shame at the embarrassment of bine handled like a baby by the strong-armed and aggressive female.

If Gerald had not been so domineering and overbearing, it would not have been necessary for his wife to obtain the services of Tame-Azons, Inc. to make him behave better towards her. In order to divert suspicion away from themselves, Ava and Dorothy had arranged for Potentia to bind and gag the girls and place them in the bizarre rubber and leather costumes that the Tame-Azons favored as attire for their victims.

Reluctantly Gerald went with Portia to the headquarters of the Tame-Azons, still unwillingly wearing the leather head harness gag. To prevent Gerald's trying to make a sudden break for freedom when he was shown his wife bound and gagged, a set of leg irons were placed on his legs.

Gerald's crestfallen demeanor turned to fury when he saw how tightly bound and gagged his wife was, tied back to back in rubber to her sister. He tried to catch Potentia by a surprise blow at Potentia's jaw, but Potentia deftly side-stepped Gerald's angry blow.



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She gave Gerald a hard slap across his face that stunned him. A few more slaps soon had Gerald down on his knees, dazed and bewildered and with much more respect for this amazonic woman, who hit twice as hard a blow as any man that Gerald had ever fought with before !

Potentia taunted Gerald about his "manliness" and told him, "You hit just like a female and since you are not a good specimen, I think that I'll have Portia dress you up in female attire."

Suiting the action to Potentia's words, Portia placed on Gerald's body a long rubber girdle as well as black stockings and stilt high-heeled shoes on her unwilling victim's feet. Gerald made a feeble effort to avoid being dressed up in this female attire, but he meekly stopped resisting when Potentia gave him a few slaps to enforce her commands.

When he tried to butt her with his head while Potentia was binding him to a table top, Potentia became very infuriated at this recalcitrant attitude of Gerald's. She picked up a short-handled paddle as a warning to stop his stubborn resistance.



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When Gerald kept up his futile struggling, Potentia began hitting him squarely on his unprotected buttocks, which brought an agonizing expression to Gerald's face, as well as pain to his posterior.

There was plenty of power behind each whack of the paddle, for Portia had had plenty of experience in handling a spanking paddle. She placed each blow on a different part of Gerald's rear anatomy and every blow hurt more than the last whack.

Portia hit him leisurely and was quite evidently enjoying her task. Startled dismay was mirrored on his face. "Say you're sorry," she ordered him, "for mistreating your wife so badly, and make sure to call me Mistress when you speak to me."

Gerald had endured the first dozen whacks with a fortitude determined to give his tantalizing tormentor no satisfaction. But Portia showed no signs of tiring. Almost every inch of him that was exposed was now an angry red and burning like fury from her swift paddling. There flashed in his mind the possibility that Portia preferred him to rebel, thus giving her a good excuse to punish him severely.



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As her stinging paddle sought him out again and again, he sought a respite. "I'm sorry, Mistress," he said when his gag was removed. But this time his eyes held hers as he accepted defeat. He sensed an unspoken and not yet understood message coming from her as their gaze held momentarily.

Then there was one last hard slap on his cheek and Portia resumed her work of subduing her current victim at his wife's request. Portia was not quite satisfied with Gerald capitulating so quickly to her.

"Slaves do not look at their Mistresses like that," she warned him.

Gerald hurt all over. His pride was in the dust. Yet he found himself pleased as he looked at his dominating Mistress while she was reclining in a chair. She was so masterful and domineering and looked like a queen. She was also examining him, too, a bright glint of mischief in her eyes.

"What shall I do to you next, Gerald?" she asked. His response was automatic, "Let me loose."

"Don't be silly," she said. "You know very



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well that I'm not going to let you loose. I like you the way you are. In fact, I'm even considering the idea of suggesting to your wife to keep you like that always. You look adorable. That is just the proper position to have a man in. You can't do a thing that I won't let you do. But what I meant was: in what way shall I punish you next?"

"Don't!" Gerald pleaded.

"Now, you should know by now that's not the way to talk," she said. "Besides you forgot to call me Mistress this time. That merits two slaps."

Portia got up and casually administered the two stinging blows as though she was doing no more than adjusting his tie, then she resumed her seat. "You would half like to obey me," she observed shrewdly. "But, of course, that good old male ego is still hard at work. I think we'll have to do something about that. I think that you should be wearing a bra to cover up your bare male chest."

"No, Mistress, please no bra," Gerald shook his head dejectedly. Portia went through the motions of appearing to consider a very grave problem.



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"Well, we could try something else," she conceded. "It's your lips that keep voicing rebellion. How about it if we change them?" Portia then shoved Gerald into a closet and tied him to a hangar rod.

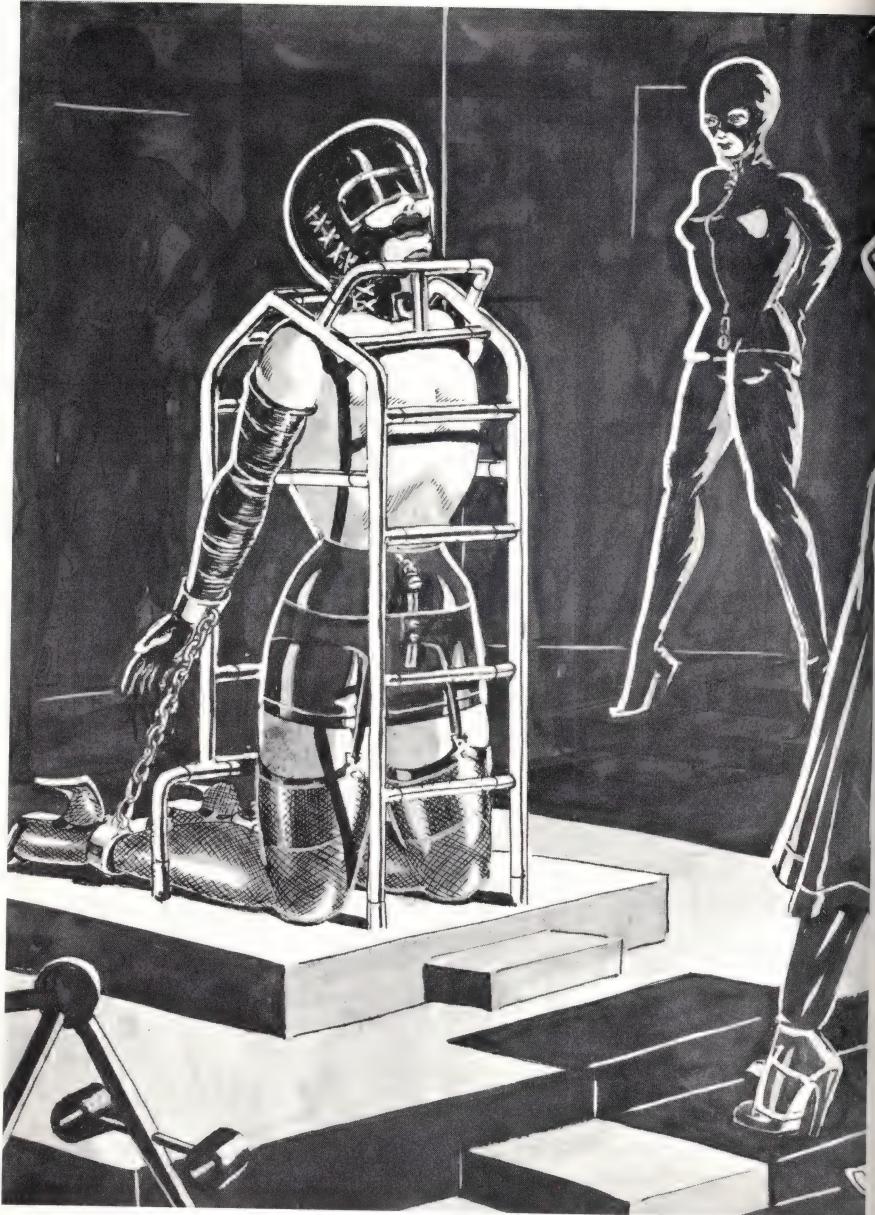
Impotently fuming and helpless, Gerald watched his gay tormentor as she left the room. She returned in a few moments, smiling impishly at him when she came into view. There was something small and shining in her hand.

"Quite sure you don't want to put on a bra?" Portia asked him again.

"No, Mistress," he said, feeling no doubt.

"O.K., then. Here's what you have to do," she said. "I'm going to paint your lips. You have a choice. You can keep still and let me do what I like with you or you can wear a gag in your mouth for the rest of the day. Which is it to be?"

"No bra, please Mistress." Gerald felt no doubts on this decision. If Portia wanted to do anything she wanted to him, he supposed it mattered little if he objected. There was no way out of it, he thought.



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"That's a good Gerald," she said and stood close. "Now keep quite still." Gerald became unhappily conscious that a blush was creeping across his features. Paint was one thing.... But a bra was exclusively feminine.

True, it seemed like a harmless enough whim of her's and it was better than any more pain added to what he was already enduring. But just the same! Again there came the disturbing awareness of something--some emotion which he could not understand.

Portia began changing Gerald's bondage, this time binding him flat on his stomach on a low table. Gerald noticed several male subjugation books, put out by the Nutrix Corp., on a nearby table and he hoped vainly that Portia would not use some of this publication's ideas on himself.

Gerald did not resist. He knew that, even without the threat of the paddle, he was powerless to prevail against her. Portia would have her way with him.

After a while, Portia and Potentia changed Gerald's bondage to a pair of rubber dungarees, as these two girls discussed further plans together on dominating him.



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Again a new and strange emotion came over Gerald at the girls' deft ministrations. They took their time. It was evident that what they were doing pleased them. Once again, they changed his bondage and then, not satisfied, they rebound him again in rubber, only more stringently. He was now completely in their power.

But he knew, suddenly, that at this moment he had no will to resist. Potentia stood back and surveyed her handiwork. She gave voice to a long pensive, "Mm-m-...." Then he was left alone.

This time Potentia returned with a small vanity case. Gerald eyed it with what at first he considered to be apprehension, but suddenly realized was actually a mildly excited anticipation.

Potentia had an electric razor and she began shaving him. She worked with minute care and absorption. She was determined to turn him into a girl. In spite of his pain, Gerald found himself pleasantly lulled into a sensual enjoyment under which he had no thought or wish to hinder her in whatever her intentions might be.



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It was not until the sound of the motor suddenly stopped that he realized that this had not been an ordinary shave. She had used the razor on his eyebrows! She had changed them in some way that he could not see.

He kept wondering what was going to happen to him, as Potentia tied him to the shower curtain rod, leaving him clad in a girdle, as she turned the shower on him. After the shower, Potentia made Gerald put on a bra and tied his wrists above his head to the shower spray nozzle.

She lazed on a waist cincher girdle that constricted his waist tightly. Then came the hated bra. Next, with an eyebrow pencil, she drew and marked his eyebrows. He could only guess at the effect.

Again he was conscious of the blush suffusing his features, as Portia now screwed ear-rings tightly on the lobes of his ears. He began to have an inkling of what she might have in mind. When she went to work on him with rouge and powder, he felt quite sure. Putting on cosmetics now required the removal of his gag. "I'll make a damn poor girl," Gerald assured her.



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"No?" It was a question--almost a contradiction. "Wait and see." She stood back, looking him up and down, and said:-

"Those cords hurt very bad?"

"Round the shoulders is bad," he admitted, then added hastily, "...Mistress!" Without a word, she loosened the strictures that had wracked his shoulders back against the bench. He sighed with pleasure and relief.

Gerald was still quite helpless, but he could move his head and shoulders. He sensed that this kindness might have a motive. It had. Portia now used straps to replace the rope bondage on his body. She bound Gerald in a kneeling position and then sat on his body in order to read a book put out by the Nutrix Corp.

Portia was tall and heavy and quite forceful, so he had to permit her to dress him up in female attire and make up his face. It was as though he was in the grip of a vise even more powerful than the bonds that held him. He almost feared to look into the mirror she brought out for him. But when he did, he gasped with amazement. He was looking at the reflection of a beautiful dark-haired girl!



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"Your name is Eve," Portia told Gerald gravely. "You will answer to that name from now on--don't forget. You are going to be my personal maid. But, of course, there are a few things to do to you yet."

Gerald put on the lastex female garments and looked at the mirror. "But how...?" Gerald gasped. "I look like a girl, but I'm not...!"

"Yes you are. You are a lady's maid named Eve," Portia assured him firmly. "The idea has never occurred to you. I have known that you would make a perfect "girl." So I chose this way. You are going to be a girl named Eve, instead of an inferior man named Gerald.

Portia wasted no more time in talk. Once more Gerald found his neck circled by a metal collar locked shut. One by one the cords that bound him fell away. Even the chains on his wrists and ankles were unlocked. Suddenly he stood free!

His first thought was to grab Portia but she had retreated a few paces. When he tried to follow her, he was brought up with a painful slap on his neck!



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Portia had thought of everything, of course. She then turned Gerald over her knees and gave him a good sound spanking. Gerald could stoop a little way, but he could not sit, nor could he follow her to where she stood smiling at this new frustration.

"All right," he said resignedly, "what next? Must I still call you Mistress?"

"Of course! As my personal maid, you must be very submissive. You will be, won't you? By the way, Eve, you do understand your position, don't you? It hasn't changed much yet. You can either obey me implicitly in what we have still to do, or I can go out and photograph you in this female make-up. I am sure you would become co-operative after a day or two. Now, make up your mind while I change my outfit."

Gerald knew a strange thrill as he realized that he had no wish to escape the fate that Portia had planned for him. He was loath to voice the admission. But he was curious. He found himself in the grip of some new and compelling emotion. When Portia returned, he heard his own voice speaking almost without volition and saying:-



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"My name is Eve. I have not been a girl before. Please tell me what to do."

"You can come and put on this cute maid's costume and then lace up my boots. And don't try any tricks or you'll be sorry," she told him. Gerald obeyed. Portia kept a wary eye on him as they positioned themselves for the long job. Gerald did not tell her that he no longer sought freedom.

He could scarcely understand this new strange feminine submission that had hold of him. But Portia's intuition had told her long ago that he could play this role. Again he stood passive as he worked. The result sent a thrill of pleasure through his whole being.

Gerald had not realized before that his hands and feet were small and well shaped. He docilely laced and tied a neat bow on the long laces of Portia's boots. He was beginning to like female clothing.

He had to struggle with his garter belt but it left him with a waist that most girls would envy. The taut sheer nylons told him plainly that he had a very beautiful feminine leg indeed and that it bore no disfiguring male hair.



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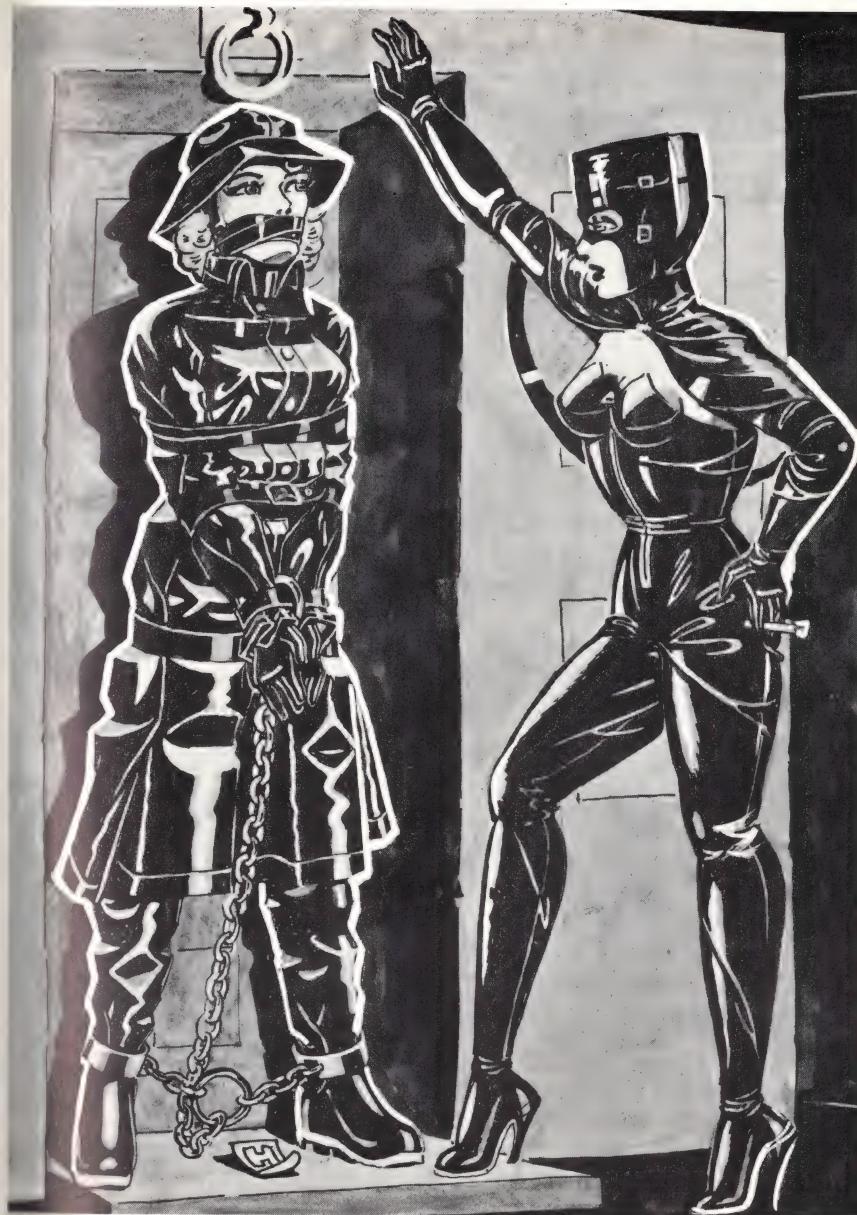
This was the first time that Gerald had realized these qualities in himself. While Portia was busy transforming Gerald from male to female, Potentia had kidnapped Dave and was roughing him up.

First, Potentia brought out a pair of shiny black leather mittens and proceeded to slip them on Dave's hands. They were made of rather heavy leather, so Dave's hands were made quite useless. And as she pulled a strap tightly at each ankle, he found that it had a built-in lock on the buckle.

Thus, once it was in place, it was quite impossible for him to get the straps off by himself. Next, Potentia brought out a harness helmet and it was the same one that Gerald had worn. He felt the wet pear-shaped leather gag being forced in place in his mouth.

And with his hands so helpless, there was no need to lock the helmet in place, so when she had it quite tightly laced all the way, she tied it in a hard knot and told him that he was dressed and ready.

Poor Dave was greatly bewildered at thus being made a captive by Potentia, who handled him so roughly. He had put up a great battle



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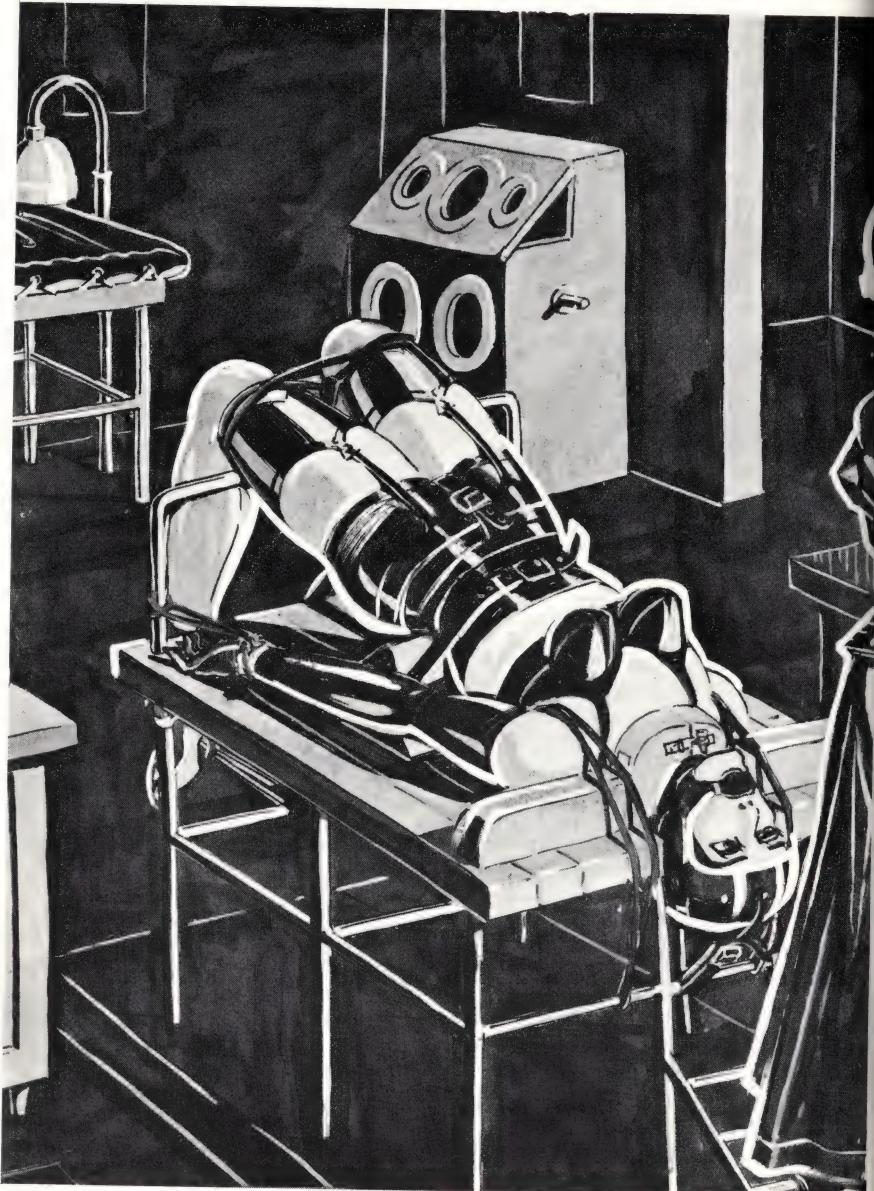
but was no match for the powerful girl of Tame-Azons, Inc., who was out to tame and subjugate him, following his wife's wishes.

As was the case in Gerald's treatment, Potentia led her unwilling captive past his bound-up wife, so that he would not suspect that his wife, Dorothy, was the cause of his humiliating and embarrassing predicament. Although she was securely bound in the enveloping rubber outfit, Dorothy did not mind this discomfort, as long as she knew that her husband was going to be subjugated into treating her better in the future.

After Dave had been shown his wife bound and gagged, Dorothy was brought inside out of the rain and bound merely as a precaution, in case she decided to relent. The two executive members of Tame-Azons, Inc. knew from past experience that many wives would later change their minds and call matters off by a change of heart.

They were in business and were being well paid to do a job of taming and subjugating two men. Being conscientious workers, they were going to carry through their assignment as they knew best, in order to obtain the desired results.





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Hapless Dave soon found himself being forced to don female attire, put on long nylon stockings, a garter belt and even a padded bra, by the blonde-haired Potentia. She placed Dave face-down on the floor and yanked his hands behind his back, after he put on girls' lingerie.

Potentia bound Dave's wrists with a set of strong leather straps. Portia and Potentia knew their work well and soon had Dave transformed, much against his wishes, into a nice looking feminine appearing woman.

Dave had undergone various bondage changes during this transformation, being tied up in bra and panties with straps on a table bench, placed into a strait-jacket used for mental patients while wearing hip-length rubber boots.

All these various changes of leather and rubber outfits were skillfully employed by the Tame-Azons as a psychological means of breaking down the men's will and grooming them for the docile mode of life to become like maids to their wives. Dave had undergone so many changes of bondage in the hands of Potentia that he could hardly recall them all!





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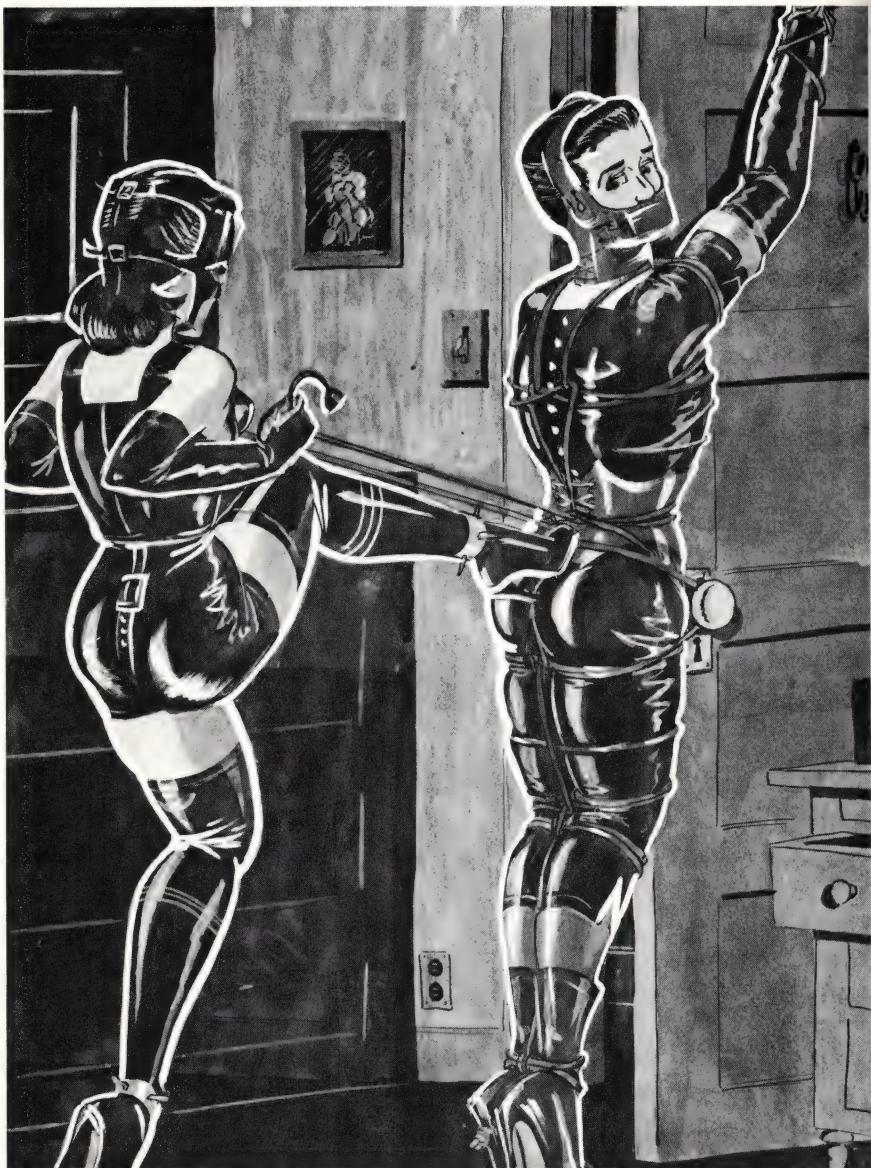
Each new bondage was hard on Dave and his willingness to resist was fast being worn down. At last, when Dave's resistance was at a low ebb, Potentia gave him the final steps of her campaign to destroy his will to refuse to obey her commands.

She took him to a garage and placed him on a motorcycle frame to be used as a human seat. This was the final straw that made Dave capitulate and agree to become a better person all around and to be a nice husband to his wife, Dorothy.

This was the alternative given to him or else he was threatened that he would be forced to wear female attire all his life. Dave realized that he had been wrong all the time, but he was only following his friend, Gerald's example, he explained to Portia and Potentia. This was exactly the confession that the Tame-Azons had been expecting, so they made Dave promise to behave properly towards Dorothy in the future if Dave were shown that Gerald also had changed his ways towards his wife, Ava.

This Dave agreed to do and much to his surprise, saw that his friend, Gerald, had been encased in a pony outfit and was a very changed





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man. Dave saw Gerald meekly accept his role as a human pony and Ava, clad in riding clothes, about to make Gerald carry her around on his back. Dave could not believe his eyes!

Gerald's will to resist had been broken by the Tame-Azons and he docilely allowed his pleased wife to ride him around the grounds of the Tame-Azons, Inc. headquarters. After the pony ride was completed, the Tame-Azons saw that Gerald's subjugation was complete, so they announced to Ava that as far as they were concerned, their work with Gerald was ended.

They handed over the reins to Ava, who was mighty happy with the results of the change in her husband's behavior. Gerald now was so fearful of what might possibly happen to him if he went back to his old ways, that he permitted Ava to become the master of the household.

Later on at home, whenever Gerald showed traces of reverting back to his former domineering self, Ava, who was no longer afraid of Gerald, knowing full well that she could count on the Tame-Azons assistance for a fee, held





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Gerald in check. She bound Gerald up in a rubber and leather costume, furnished to her by Portia and Potentia, and she used Gerald as a foot-rest.

This rough treatment soon made Gerald behave properly, as Ava now had a full library of male domination publications to refer to in case Gerald went out of hand again in the future.

In the meanwhile, Dave had been undergoing some mighty rough treatment from the Tame-Azons but he finally gave in also--there was nothing else he could do. He agreed to let Dorothy become the mistress of the household for the first time.

Dave agreed to obey every command that his wife, Dorothy, gave to him in the future. Potentia and Portia saw that Dave was really sincere in this promise and so they delivered him over to Dorothy, with further instructions on what to do in case he misbehaved again.

As proof of his vow and pledge that he would behave properly, the Tame-Azons made Dave seal his agreement by kissing the boots of Portia and Potentia, which he willingly did, for fear of the consequences if he refused.





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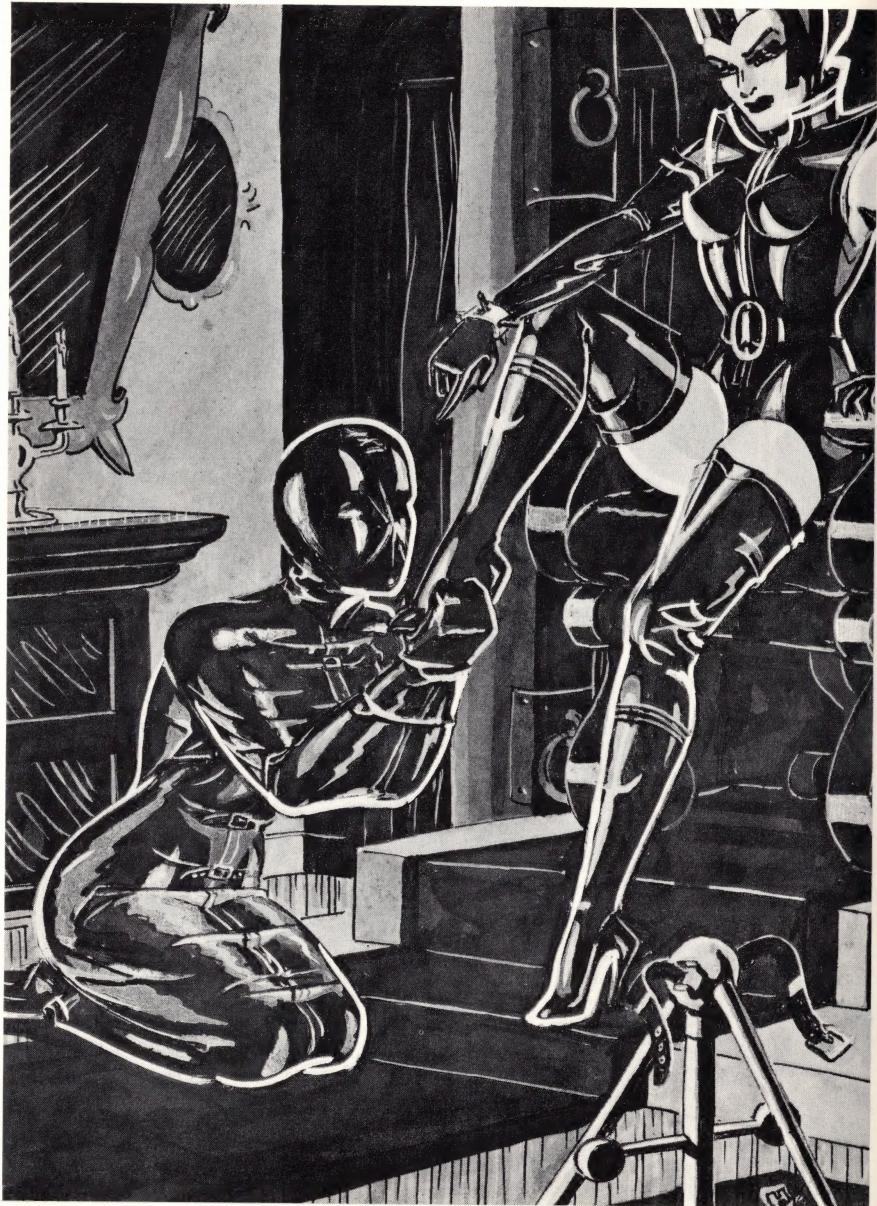
Having to kiss the boots of the woman who had conquered him was most galling and humiliating to Dave. He hung his head in shame at thus having to admit that a woman was his superior and it meant that if he failed to obey any of his wife's commands, that she would call on the Tame-Azons to carry on further with their shaming tactics and even force him to wear female attire once again.

Dave had to go through the ceremony of kissing his conquress's boots or face more of the harrowing consequences that both he and Gerald had previously undergone.

He hated to admit to himself that a woman had broken his spirit, as this was a great blow to his manly ego. In fact, this was greater punishment for him to take than the severe spanking that he had been forced to undergo from the Tame-Azon.

Since there was nothing else left for him to do but submit, he bent over and kissed each woman's boots individually, as a token symbol of his unconditional surrender and subjection to the Tame-Azons' terms. He did not want to go through all that punishment again by showing any unwillingness.





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Kissing the boots was symbolic of the fact that Dave was a mere slave and the Tame-Azons put on regal costumes for this symbolic pledge agreement. Thereafter, in Dave's house, Dorothy would now be the queen of the household.

Whenever Dave showed signs of getting out of line, Dorothy donned her Queen's leather and rubber outfit, bound and tied him in female attire, and made him become a foot-rest for herself until he promised to behave better in the future.

From that time on, both Dave and Gerald did as their dominant wives commanded, since they had no desire to tangle once again with the mighty executive members of Tame-Azons, Inc.

Thus, once again, the famous Tame-Azons proved that women were superior to men and there was no further need of their services from either Ava or Dorothy again. But they were kept quite busy with assignments from other wives. Gerald and Dave realized what the consequences were if they ever got back to their old vices and tricks again.

THE END



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